

# MILITARY SERVICE IN HAWAII

By KATHERINE POPE

Schofield barracks, twenty-five miles from Honolulu, the Fifth U. S. cavalry is in garrison, and the original cavalry camp has been added to comparatively recently by the arrival of two battalions of the Second Infantry and a full battalion of the First Field Artillery. There are now three regimental headquarters, three colonels and three lieutenants at Schofield barracks, but to Honolulu folk generally it is still thought of as the "cavalry camp."

One may travel thither by train, and a pleasant journey it is speeding along close to the sea, flanking by fields of sugar-cane, with short halts at tiny stations to let off or take on diminutive Japanese, presently leaving the sea and climbing through narrow gulches to the tableland a thousand feet above sea-level. The sun may be shining away with full glare, but the air is fresh and vital, one feels like taking effort, responding to the various invitations to effort that here are offered. Away over to the right stretches the long low line of the Koolan Range. To the left lies the mass of the Waianae mountains, the plains at their base, in front of the Gap, dotted with the various buildings of Schofield barracks. Looking a good place to "do service" and proving a decidedly interesting place to visit.

It is a very beautiful and beautiful spot where the soldiers are stationed—though a little far from town to suit the sojourn boys—and since are the regrets of officer and officer's wife when the order comes to move on. The barracks are located on what were once ranch lands, and part of the property is still used for that purpose. The old estate included wide plains, mountain, valley and ridge, stretched from the top of the Waianae mountains down to the public highway, across this into pineapple and sugar-cane territory. Leliehua ranch was leased crown land; the 20-year lease almost run out when Uncle Sam took possession of the 15,000 acres—a goodly exercise ground for cavalry men and cavalry horses.

When I visited the place, for me the interest began at the very entrance gate. The gate differed little from the ordinary barnyard affair, but on the high framework there was printed in three languages an order to those entering there, a sign expressed in English, Hawaiian and Japanese. English and Americans that ran might read "Keep This Gate Shut." The Hawaiian direction was, "Poni Ka Puka." The Japanese chicken-scratching I forbear to give.

Schofield barracks being close to the pineapple country and the workers in the fields Japanese, there was necessity for using the Japanese language. The little pineapple village of Wahiawa lies only a short distance beyond the Leliehua gates, but is such a new and small center that the soldier finds here nothing of consequence in the way of amusement, save for the moving pictures, band concerts, sea bathing, pointed streets, and "corner" social offerings of Honolulu. And various causes are pointing towards the permanent settlement of the soldiers, the centralization of troops in Honolulu.

As it is now Honolulu seems fairly well solidified. Off at the west end Fort Shafter, set upon a hill, keeps guard over the town below, and not only promises present and future protection, but also gives a valuable outlet for the soldier's leisure. The fort is a wooded object lesson to the soldierliness that marks various portions of what should be one of the fairest cities in the world. At quite the opposite end from Fort Shafter, off there about the famous headland, old Diamond Head, Fort Ruger is situated, companies of coast artillery here—at Shafter, Infantry. Between Fort Ruger and Shafter lies Fort de Russy, eventually to be an artillery post.

It is generally understood in the army that the men do not like service in Hawaii. They complain of lack of variety, that life here has too much sameness, and they complain because service in Hawaii does not mean increased pay or time allowance, but of these granted elsewhere in the tropics. Yet many of the men give other testimony, approve of the equable climate, the cool trade-winds, discover as little variety in the multitudinous races with their multitudinous customs and costumes; the island boy finding in this part in the Pacific a babel of voices, a marvelous motley people—Hawaiian, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Korean, Porto Rican, Filipino, East Indian, Scandinavian, German, French, Anglo-Saxon and others. He hobbles with all of them, picks up a jargon that he is never to lose—but which it would take a Kipling to put into cold print.

The officer who obligingly answered my questions and also volunteered information regarding the invasion of "The Islands" by Uncle Sam's men, told me that while the soldiers were supposed to be indifferent to service in Hawaii, still there were very few desertions. And then we both laughed—for where would the disgruntled desert to? They could scarcely swim the 2,000 miles to San Francisco, and departing vessels are watched by sharp and experienced eyes. If they fled to the mountains or the cane-fields, they would be sure to be caught in this secluded, and to secure safe seclusion in a small, sea-girt life is very difficult. One thing and another keep the soldier to his task, and it is probable that the days do not drag so very heavily, that



WITH "TRUMPET AND DRUM"



CHERIDAN'S JOY, A LIEUTENANT IN THE FIFTH CAVALRY



PASSING IN REVIEW



A TINY AT SCHOFIELD BARRACKS



PICTURESQUE AGAINST THE MOUNTAINS



THE BEST MULE IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

at the end of service here the soldier leaves with no little aloha (love, or liking) for Hawaii.

One constantly comes across the man in khaki—at the beach, in the park, on the cars, on the streets, in the curio shops, in the little show houses. And he is said to the credit of the soldiers that as a whole they seem a very orderly, self-respecting lot, mind their own affairs, treat you with respect, merit respect from you. I would not go so far as to say that they are invariably sober and upright, but then neither are ununiformed men. The "military" instead of adding a hoodlum, undesirable element to Honolulu's ethnological laboratory," may be said to have brought quiet rather than disturbance; and that here "military" discipline and smartness give tone. Well cared-for, well groomed horses are perhaps an aid to the humane society. Well cared-for, well groomed humans set a certain pace are not to be discounted in the general trend from the primitive to the civilized. And looked at from the narrower interpretation of society, folk of wide travel, of social experience and graces, are an addition to an isolated community.

A uniform generally attracts attention, but a uniform on horseback special attention. The average person is fond of a dashing figure on horseback, a good horse and a good rider, and the day I visited the cavalry camp at Leliehua I found much pleasure in watching hundreds of good riders and mounts. Though at first approach to the barracks the army mule was much more in evidence than the army horse. There were mules in the corral, mules in the long low sheds, mules driven to great wagons, mules led and one or two officers' carriages were drawn along by mules. Such a big part of things, it seemed incumbent to take a picture of a worthy representative, and I asked a man in authority if I might, then if he would have brought forward a fine specimen, was assured that the one brought forward was considered by its groom—or whatever the attendant is called in the army language—"the best mule in the United States Army."

On leaving the corral we passed the soldier's quarters, afterward drove on to Officers' Row, marveling at the wonderful cleanliness and trimness everywhere, all as clean and fresh as the air that blew down from the mountains over the wide open stretches. The dwellings were but temporary affairs, but already had an established look, suggesting they were occupied by people that kept to the habit of making themselves at home as soon as landed. Having a note of introduction to the colonel, we asked direction to his quarters, found his house at the head of the row and an orderly on the veranda. Also a cat, which gave a peaceful, domestic look to the abode of the man of war. Shortly the colonel appeared, bade us welcome, and informed us that the next day was monthly muster, to which we should consider ourselves invited, and advised us to be present in the field at nine o'clock sharp. We spoke of a camera, asked permission to use this weapon on the range, were assured officers and men, horses and mules would be "de-lighted."

On this muster day at Schofield Barracks the Fifth cavalry was complete, the entire regiment now stationed together for the first time since the Civil war. The Fifth made a fine showing as men and horses passed in review before the colonel, and we congratulated ourselves that we had found the play. It was very picturesque—the wide plains bounded on either side by mountains, the cavalrymen capering blither and yon, their sabers and rifles gleaming, and, for contrast, joyous skylarks singing overhead. The ladies

of the post and we visitors were allowed close to the reviewing stand, had an excellent view of the horsemen as they went by first at a walk, next at a trot, then at a gallop. The mounted band, the color bearers, the officers, the soldier boys, the picture as a whole was well worth seeing. There was a stirring suggestion of the pomp and circumstance of war, and we liked it—as a play, were glad it was only the pomp and circumstance of practice. The music was inspiring, the dipping of the colors and the officers uncovering thereto, aroused emotion in us that out here so far from "the states" Uncle Sam was looking after his citizens, promising them protection. But we hoped that the soldiers would never have to face grim reality at Leliehua, that those skylarks there would never be disturbed by the crack of rifles used on men as targets. It was a hot morning, but "muster" went on to the last detail. After the review horses and men were inspected in companies, or whatever they call the groups, were examined critically fore and aft, stood and sat like statues while they went through the ordeal. It was a fine opportunity to get pictures, and we were grateful indeed when the colonel sent us his orderly to tell us we might go along the line and snap what we liked during inspection. There were a number of groups that presented themselves as having good picture qualities, and we were especially pleased when the son of famous Phil Sheridan stood forth in range of the camera, the lieutenant and his horse both such desirable models.

"Mr. Sheridan"—as the "Service" people say—is among the best of the polo players that the Fifth cavalry send out against the island men. At Schofield Barracks they have a splendid polo field, one of the finest in the world, of regulation length. Polo is encouraged in the army, for the sake of the horsemanship and the strengthening of qualities specially desirable in the soldier. The polo matches, sometimes played out at Leliehua, but oftener in the field at Maanala, just a few miles from Honolulu, are largely attended, arouse much enthusiasm. The island players, riders from infancy, as a rule prove too much for the cavalrymen, though the latter have done excellent work the present season and shown excellent ponies.

At the polo matches the army is out in full force. There are autos and carriages filled with ladies from the various posts, officers walking about visiting auto and carriage. Enthusiasm runs high; the army people are one in their partisanship; the island people divided, as their interests lie; if any of their kin are among those hard-working fellows on horseback it would be against nature for them not to be "agin" the army; but if they are free from personal bent, then a brilliant play by an officer will get its just applause. All races go to the games, the Oriental now taking a keen interest in sports; one sees his impressive face lighted up by alert attention, his eastern calm giving place to expressive approval. At the baseball games, there is a no more interested spectator than the smooth-shaven, smooth faced Chinese man of affairs—unless it be the smooth-complexioned, mustached Japanese of a like class.

The tennis courts are popular at Schofield Barracks, stand at the end of the street named Officers' Row, and before the little club house. The barracks form a little world of their own, a pleasant seeming little world of polo and tennis and tea and balls and riding parties, and mountain trips. Trails have been cut here and there in the mountains, peaks not so very long inaccessible are now more or less easily conquered. There are mountain excursions where the ladies are included as well as

face of great physical suffering are on record. Perhaps one of the most remarkable of these is one which was formerly told by the late Dr. Paul Seavey of a Fenoboot Indian who had one of his legs crushed to a pulp by a falling tree near Moosehead lake back in the late '50's. It was impossible to bring the man out of the woods to a settlement where a doctor could be obtained and to wait for a physician to be summoned and to arrive would mean the death of the woodsman.

trips involving army practice and discipline. The Waianae range, with its numerous deep gulches, forested ridges and cloud-capped peaks, offers a good field to climb and explore, and since the coming of the men in khaki the mountains have been opened up, as it were. Surveys have been made, trails cut, passes assailed, every here and there on the island one comes upon little encampments of soldiers out on their quest of learning the lay of the land, studying and making conditions. The alert and omnipresent Japs, it is said, know the island better than any folk here save a few of the old natives; the Jap sampan men are thoroughly acquainted with the coast, the charcoal burners with remote mountain fastnesses, the agricultural laborers with both lowland and mountain valley. But the men in khaki know a thing or two themselves, and are quietly, steadily adding to their knowledge. A company of engineers is stationed here and is now at work making a military map of the island of Oahu.

Strolling along Officers' Row at Schofield Barracks, we stopped at one of the white-washed "bungaloes"—as a sojourn boy called it—for a call on an officer's wife and a chat about army life from the woman's point of view. Our hostess surely spoke from the standpoint of one that knew; three generations of her family having served in the army or navy—her mother in a period of twenty-five years lived in thirty-one different stations. This being picked up and moved from place to place, little moves of three or

four thousand miles or so—has its advantageous side, tends to the increase of adaptability and breadth; and it is very admirable the philosophic way the ladies of the army accept the temporary shelters provided for them, take the little shacks and make them so attractive and homey. About the verandas along the Row vines were climbing and blossoming; in the tiny lawns exotic looking young trees were growing and various ornamental shrubs, tubs of ferns bordered the paths, in the little gardens tall cosmos was blooming, very effective against the white-washed walls. And the interiors were charming, suggested travel and love of books.

The places were so attractive that inconveniences were not thought of by us till brought to light by our hostess, who laughingly told of once being kept two hours in the bathroom when an early caller had possession of the all-too-public sitting room. And laughingly told of conditions as they were a year back, when the present "bungaloes" were but sheds with tent wings. And the back of the house, if we cared to investigate, was still just a tent; and sure enough we found the Jap servants out there ironing under canvas and getting ready the luncheon with such conveniences as could be set up in a canvas shelter. But all appeared snug and sufficient and homey.

As we sat on the little veranda and sipped cooling drinks—very refreshing after the hot, unshaded field—we had a talk with the host, come in weary and warm from the morning's work. The captain spoke highly of the men in the regiment, and regretfully of the way people generally regard the soldier; declared it was unjustly underrated, declared their men were a good set. The captain spoke of the dearth of decent amusements and decent society for the soldiers, said many of them craved better things than were available, the majority of them were by no means means roysterers and wasters; he derided the black eye given them generally.

Only a very few of the enlisted men had their families with them at Schofield Barracks; at the time of our visit there was a small number of khaki shelters serving as homes for soldier's wife and children; the tents pitched near the bottom of the gulch some distance beyond the polo field. Down in this gulch a number of Hawaiians dwelt, cultivating taro, raising payas and bananas, but with large leisure for visits and music and lying at ease under the leafy, low-drooping branches that almost hid their little dwellings. We declared a glimpse of a Hawaiian girl in a wine-red bolon (native dress) with two or three khaki-clad figures near by. Soldier boys studying native life perhaps.

In the late afternoon we drove to the Gap in the Waianae mountains and halted there in the glory of the sunset, looked down on the plain with the barracks standing out so clearly in their isolation, on the broad ranch land beyond; farther away the sugar-cane and pineapple fields, then upon the Koolan range, at this hour flushed and gilded into wonderful beauty. The place was marvelously quiet; it did not seem possible that a cavalry camp was dwelling there on Leliehua ranch. Leliehua seemed little disturbed by the presence of the men in khaki; doubtless even the ghosts that hovered about the old heiau (ancient temple) at the foot of Mount Kala, found themselves molested to no great extent. Probably at nightfall they still set out to wander through the gulches and over the ranch on those unwelcome visits to their kindred. As we drove home in the quick-falling darkness we wondered if ever the ghosts met with challenge from the scattered sentries keeping guard at Schofield Barracks.

A Firm Believer in Work. Old "un" (sarcastically)—Then you don't believe in the benefit of work, I suppose? Young "un"—Don't I, though? If the old guy hadn't worked like a horse all his life I shouldn't have what I have now.

# Thanks to Little Brother

By MARY GILBERT

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Dick Ralston was thoroughly out of humor, both with himself and his surroundings. He had expected so much from his vacation this year! How carefully he had planned his outing to be at Spring Lake at the same time as Margaret!

He had pictured the bright hours he would spend with her, steadily gaining her favor, until there dawned that perfect day when he dared ask the important question. Instead of this alluring prospect, he found that insufferable Walter Chase paying Margaret open court.

Dick gritted his teeth at the thought of the times that she had refused his invitations because she had already accepted Walter's. The thought that he himself was to blame for not inviting her sooner never seemed to enter his head.

Tomorrow was his last holiday. Then he must leave Margaret and go back to work. To leave her was bad enough, but to leave her to Walter Chase—the thought was maddening.

"You look as if I feel," said a crisp, young voice at his elbow. Dick turned quickly, a frown on his handsome face. He was in no mood to talk to any one just then, especially to Margaret's young brother.

"What's the matter?" he demanded irritably.

"I've broken my last fishing rod," Maurice answered gloomily, "and an empty pocket won't pay for a new one."

"That's hard luck," Dick admitted, "but not enough to make you look like me. You need only a little money to make you happy."

"And what do you need?" asked Maurice pointedly.

Dick flushed at the blunt question, and the boy smiled at his embarrassment.

"Needn't think I don't know," he said deliberately. "You're afraid that you stand no show with Margaret."

The frank friendliness of the boy's manner quite disarmed resentment.

"Do you know," he continued, con-

don't I'll get myself into a scrape. Maybe I shall, anyway."

Gazing into the lad's earnest face, Dick promised to follow instructions. He could surely make matters no worse than they were. Perhaps—

The boy's eager voice interrupted his thoughts. "Tomorrow morning, at six o'clock—mind you, not a bit later, or there'll be other folks there—you be on the lake shore, behind that thicket near the bathhouse. Keep yourself hidden till you hear from me. You'll know what to do then without being told."

"Six o'clock!" echoed Dick. "What's your game?"

"That's my affair—until tomorrow morning. Will you come?"

"I guess so."

"Sure?" The boy's tone was very earnest.

"Sure," the man agreed, wondering what would come of the promise.

"Goodby till then!" exclaimed Maurice, springing to his feet, "but you'll hear from me when the time comes, and don't you forget it!"

"By the way, Dick," responded cordially. "Can you get good fishing tackle at any store here?"

"Sure—if you've got the price."

"If—if you see that matters are coming my way in the morning, just pick out the best fishing outfit you can find and let me foot the bill."

"Gee!" exclaimed Maurice. "Ain't I glad I came! I'll tell the cook to count on fish, beginning tomorrow."

But for his talk with Maurice, Dick thought that he could never have borne the miserable evening that followed. Margaret seemed unconscious of his presence. Chase, looking handsomer and better groomed than ever, exulted in his rival's discomfort.

Dressing next morning to meet his early appointment, Dick cursed himself for his folly.

"That rascal Maurice is playing some trick on me!" he thought wrathfully. "What would the fellows say if they knew I'd do a fool thing like this just to humor a boy in his whim?"

He dropped his collar button, and that gave him a fresh outlet for his ill humor. Then he laughed at the whole affair and felt more at peace with himself and the world.

As he left the house his watch told him that he would reach the rendezvous almost on the stroke of six. He concealed himself behind the thicket and awaited developments.

Suddenly a boy's cry of terror sounded on the air, followed by a woman's wild shriek. Instinctively Dick sprang to aid them.

Maurice was far out on the lake, apparently seized with cramps. Margaret, wringing her hands helplessly, stood on the shore calling for help.

Off went Dick's coat and shoes. A few vigorous strokes took him to the side of the sinking boy. There was a thrilling scene in the water, then both were safe on shore, with Margaret hovering over her brother.

Maurice's fluttering eyelids opened at last, and he whispered that he'd soon be all right. Reassured as to the boy's condition, Margaret turned her grateful eyes to his rescuer.

"How can I ever thank you?" she exclaimed.

"I don't want your thanks," Dick answered boldly. "I—I want—you!"

The rosy flush of dawn seemed reflected in the girl's cheeks as she stood for a moment with downcast eyes.

"This is no sudden desire," Dick continued earnestly. "It has been the greatest thing in my world since the first time I saw you. You remember that glorious evening?"

He was standing close beside her now, his dark eyes seeking hers. As she slowly raised her drooping lashes, Maurice, whom they had both quite forgotten, sprang up with a whoop of delight.

"Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "I'm off for that fishing tackle!"



"Needn't Think I Don't Know."

identally. "I'd bet most anything on you."

"You really would?" Dick responded quickly. "What makes you feel that way?"

"Well," Maurice answered slowly. "She acts sort of mad at herself lately. Besides, I heard her tell father once that there was nothing in it at all."

"Nothing in what?"

"Why, in her going with Chase, of course."

"That's the best news I've heard this summer!" Dick exclaimed, grasping the boy's hand warmly. "I only wish you'd told me sooner!"

"Might have if you'd given me a chance!" laughed the lad, withdrawing his fingers from the too friendly pressure.

After a moment's reflection, Maurice began tentatively: "I s'pose you'd like to win out with Margaret pretty well?"

"Well, rather!" Dick exclaimed, his eyes glowing at the thought.

"You've always treated me white," Maurice continued, "and now I'm going to pay up. Besides, it will be great fun to fool Chase. He certainly is the limit."

"What do you propose to do?" asked Dick with dawning interest.

Maurice eyed him sharply.

"Do you promise, word of honor, to do just exactly as I tell you? If you

# Target for Promoters

The tailor attempted to say "good morning," but the irate customer snapped the greeting off in the middle.

"I don't want any work done," he said, "and I don't want any palavering. What I want is to find out why you sent that blithering idiot of an inventor around my place to try to talk me into investing something in his new patent. Who told you I had money to throw away?"

"No one," said the tailor, "but I knew you were interested in new schemes and listened patiently to promoters, because your top coat button is always getting loose. That shows that somebody does a mighty lot of tugging at it. It is people with schemes to finance that have the tugging habit, so I didn't have to do any deep reasoning to figure out that promoters in general consider you worth cultivating. Am I not right?"

"You are," said the irate customer, "and, by the way, while I am here I

wish you would sew on this top button. That inventive friend of yours nearly pulled it off while he had me held up yesterday afternoon."

# Way for the Business Love Letter.

A love letter ought to proceed on business lines. The fondest lover in the world cannot tell a woman more about her eyes and hair and teeth than she knows herself. Writing to his wife he may commence his letter, "My precious darling," and end it, "Your own forever," and be perfectly safe even if she has her doubts about him; but this sort of thing to a girl he, perhaps, dreams of making his wife in a world where there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip is not a wise insurance against accidents, to say the least. Oh, for the business love letters—if any!—Philadelphia Ledger.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but sometimes it comes hard.

# Not the Bravery of Battle

But Maine Woodsmen Often Are Called Upon to Show Great Fortitude and Resend.

The case of John Wickman, the woodsman, who received a fractured spine through having a tree fall across his back, and who is now at the Eastern Maine General hospital in this city, paralyzed from the waist down,

brings forcibly to mind the ever present danger in the lumber woods—that of meeting with a serious accident when medical aid is unobtainable, and of the terrible physical suffering and oftentimes death, which results as a consequence. Hundreds of men have suffered untold pain in the Maine lumber woods in years gone by, and many stories of remarkable heroism in the

face of great physical suffering are on record. Perhaps one of the most remarkable of these is one which was formerly told by the late Dr. Paul Seavey of a Fenoboot Indian who had one of his legs crushed to a pulp by a falling tree near Moosehead lake back in the late '50's. It was impossible to bring the man out of the woods to a settlement where a doctor could be obtained and to wait for a physician to be summoned and to arrive would mean the death of the woodsman.

Without anesthetics of any kind, and with no other instrument than a butcher knife, a meat saw and a common needle, the camp cook amputated the leg, while the injured Indian watched every movement, the pupils of his beset eyes narrowing down to the size of pin points. Only once or twice through the whole operation did the quick intake of his breath between clenched teeth give evidence of the pain he was undergoing. It was Indian stoicism at its best. When the last stitch had been taken and the